

# VOX COLLEGII



April

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WHITBY

ONTARIO

GERTRUDE A. BRITNELL,  
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# Vox Collegii

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*"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."*

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## Spring.

Spring again! How glad we are to welcome her back in all the freshness of her early maidenhood. There is a new life and vim in the air, a pleasant earthly smell which gives promise of wakening plant life. Mother nature is putting forth her utmost in welcome to this her youngest daughter, and all around is seen busy preparation and gay rejoicing. The feathered world, her faithful forerunners, are fast gathering to proclaim the happy event. Some morning a robin appears standing up very straight on a fence or tree, proudly displaying his bright red breast, and black cap, flirting his tail and looking as if he were glad to be back in his old home. The hoarse clack of the black bird strikes the ear, not unpleasantly, for whoever found discord of nature's making. The sweet little song of the blue bird or song sparrow floats down from a neighboring tree, still scantily clothed in modest green, and, as old King Sun grows brighter and merrier, an oriole in black and gold, the busy little wren and a thousand others come to fill the air with an ecstasy of music. How happily bound the sparkling streams,

freed from winter's iron fetters by spring's soft kiss, while sunbeams, rainbow-painted, glance on their foaming eddies. Their songs, varying from the soft croon of a mother's lullaby, to the thunder of a thousand mighty voices, rival those even of the birds. Sage oaks and lofty maples whisper the glad news to their friends; then, after playing shameless frolic with their naked arms, are busily engaged in the mysteries of preparing costly green robes. Bold dandelions press forward, blithely striving for the radiance of Spring's sweet smile. Shy daisies nod gratefully at her soft caress, and the green grass weaves a bright carpet for her feet. The tiny insect world are freed from long imprisonment, and are glad accordingly. Gay worldly butterflies in silken gowns, busy bees in striped velvet of black and yellow, the jolly cricket and solemn-eyed frog—how happy they all are, for is not this the time of spring, when all things mate and dream of love? When buoyant clouds chase across a serene blue sky, a deep impenetrable blue—God's blue.

"Hurrah," cries Spring with hilar-



ious infectious laughter, "This is my day, my beautiful day."

"Come, child, 'tis time for rest," says Mother Nature. "Put on thy soft black vesture, for thou art wearied of thy play."

Then spring dons the veil of gentle slumber, and sleep seals the tired eyes. "Sleep," says old King Sun, and with majestic splendor, sinks his fiery head.

"Sleep" softly echo the birds and bees, the flowers and trees. "Sleep" murmurs the queenly moon as she bathes tired spring in soft rays of ethereal majesty. "Mother's beautiful girl," whispered Nature, and sprinkled her lips and hair with the fragrant dew of another dawn.

C. KILBORN.

## May Day.

From very earliest times May day, the first of May, has been a day of joy. We hear that the Romans used to go into the fields and spend the Calends of May in dancing and singing in honor of Flora, goddess of fruits and flowers. The early English consecrated May day to Robin Hood and the Maid Marian, because the favorite outlaw died on that day. On their village greens the Maypoles were set up and the day was spent in archery, morris-dancing and other amusements. English literature is full of references to these early enjoyments; perhaps Herrick's "Corinna's Maying" is one of the daintiest on the subject

"Get up, get up, for shame, the blooming morn.

Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair  
Fresh-quilted colors through the air;  
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see  
The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east,

Above an hour since; yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?

When all the birds have matins said,  
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,

Nay profanation, to keep in,—

When as a thousand virgins on this day,

Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage and be seen

To come forth, like the spring-time,  
fresh and green

And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair;

Fear not, the leaves will strew

Gems in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;

Come and receive them while the light  
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;

And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying

Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming mark

How each field turns a street, each street a park.

Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how

Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch; each porch, each door ere this

An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;

As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,

And open fields, and we not see 't?

Come we'll abroad; and let's obey

The proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;

But my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.



Come, let us go, while we are in our  
prime ;  
And take the harmless folly of the  
time !

We shall grow old apace, and die  
Before we know our liberty.  
Our life is short ; and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun :—  
And, as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again ;  
So when or you or I are made.  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drown'd with us in endless night,  
Then while time serves, and we are but  
decaying,  
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a  
Maying."

Tennyson in his "May Queen" tells  
us of the old qualification for the  
Queen—she must be the "fairest" girl  
in the village.

"There's many a black, black eye they  
say, but none so bright as mine ;  
There's Margaret and Mary, there's  
Kate and Caroline ;  
But none so fair as little Alice in all  
the land, they say,  
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, moth-  
er, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

This Queen does not reveal to us any  
noble qualities ; she is the selfish little  
village beauty whose head has prob-

ably been turned by too much admir-  
ation. Robin, her faithful swain, she  
scorns :—

"They say he's dying all for love, but  
that can never be ;  
They say his heart is breaking, moth-  
er,—What is that to me ?  
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me  
any summer day,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May,  
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May."

She rejoices that "the shepherd lads  
on every side 'ill come from far away,"  
that she will be the centre of an ad-  
miring throng, that she will look  
beautiful and feel happy.

At O.L.C. we celebrate the old May  
day festival on the birthday of Queen  
Victoria, whom we all reverence as a  
type of pure and noble womanhood. In  
this way our celebration acquires a  
new and deeper significance. We do  
not meet to honor mere physical beau-  
ty, but the deeper beauty of noble  
character. Let us remind ourselves of  
this afresh this year in choosing our  
Queen. Do not let her be the prettiest  
girl or the most popular girl, or our  
special chum, but let us carefully  
think out, each for ourself, what is  
our own idea of perfect womanhood,  
and let us honestly vote for the girl  
who comes nearest to that ideal.

ALICE L. TAYLOR.

## April.

Was't a blue bird's wing  
Or the deepening hue  
Of the sky's dim blue ?  
Did a blossom cling,  
Rose-pale in the hedge,  
For an April pledge ?  
Ah, 'tis Easter-tide,  
And the lily's flame  
With its dawning came  
Flow'ring far and wide

As a soul's pure grace  
In a sin-marred place.  
There's a faint and fleet  
Moist marvel of scent  
With the grey mist blent  
And the wings that beat  
Far South, Northward swing ;  
It is spring, yes, spring.

—Selected.



# History of the College.

By Dr. Hare.

The Ontario Ladies' College and Ontario Conservatory of Music and Art was formally opened by their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, in September, 1874. In reply to an address, His Excellency said:

"I must congratulate you and those who are interested in this most important establishment upon the acquisition of a mansion and an estate so admirably adapted to the purposes to which they are about to be devoted."

The main building known as "Trafalgar Castle" was erected by the late Sheriff Reynolds. Educated at Oxford University, England, it is stated that when a young man he conceived the idea of building a magnificent private residence at Whitby that would rival in elegance some of the old baronial castles he had seen in England, and that in this palatial home he would entertain some members of the Royal family. Stimulated by this ambition he engaged a large number of workmen, brought some of his materials from England, and spent over \$70,000 in completing his beautiful mansion. At the time it was claimed to be the largest and finest private residence in Canada. Anyone who visits the building to-day will be disposed to accept this opinion. The style of architecture is Elizabethan. The halls are wide, with a great variety of recesses, arches, niches for statuary, etc. The partitions are of solid brick, and all the rooms in the first and second stories are provided with grates and marble or granite mantles, artistically carved, whilst around the building are numerous large octagonal columns. The material is of white brick, with base, cappings, mouldings, etc., of freestone. The building was nearly completed when the Prince of Wales, later King Edward, visited Canada in 1860, and the Sheriff, true to his early purpose,

extended to him and his party an invitation to visit his castle, but pressure of time prevented an acceptance. In 1869 his ambition was gratified by the great honor of giving a banquet to His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur, Lord Lisgar, the Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governor Howland, Sir John A. Macdonald, John Sandfield Macdonald and several others. The Sheriff built too elaborately for his purse and became heavily involved in debt, and as a consequence his palatial building, in which he had taken so much pride and interest, was sold in 1874 to a company of stockholders and transformed into a ladies' college, to be known as the Ontario Ladies' College. No more charming or suitable home could have been secured for the education of young women. The King of Israel prayed that "our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," and certainly a palace in which the polishing may take place and the grace and culture developed, will contribute directly to this desirable result.

The Rev. J.E. Sanderson, M.A., was appointed Moral Governor and the Rev. J. J. Hare was called from the Assistant Pastorate of the First Church, in London, Ont., to become the Principal of the new College. The number of resident students increased so rapidly that in four years, viz., in 1878, it was found necessary to erect a wing to the north, known as Ryerson Hall, besides a detached residence for the Governor. The following year Rev. Mr. Sanderson resigned his position as Governor, and Rev. Dr. Hare was appointed Governor and Principal, both of which positions he still holds.

In 1887 the detached residence known as "The Cottage" was connected with the other buildings by an en-



closed passage and became the home of some of the students as well as of Dr. and Mrs. Hare and family.

In 1895 a third step in advance was taken by the removal of the kitchen belonging to the main building, also the enclosed passage, and the filling up of the entire space, over one hundred and forty feet in length, by the capacious and beautiful "Frances Hall." Since then a magnificent gymnasium, with swimming pool and isolation hospital, a farm, cold storage plant,

etc., have been added to the College property, and the history of the Institution has been one of continued prosperity and success, and it is felt that so great are the present possibilities of the college with its superior buildings, appointments and surroundings, that what has been accomplished is but the beginning of what will yet be realized. Already steps are being taken for further extension and improvement, particulars of which will be reported later.

## A Poet of our Times.

TO ALFRED NOYES.

Voice of England, Voice of Freedom,  
clear, courageous, sane and strong,  
We have heard across the ocean echoes  
of the Battle Song.

Echoes of that stern and earnest  
rallying from near and far  
To the bloodless Armageddon of the  
last great War on War.

Peace—the peace of Labor—calls us to  
a life of honest toil;  
War—the war of social service—calls  
to men to share the spoil!

For the Service of the World is not a  
path by angels trod;  
'Tis a road for human "dreamers"  
with a childlike faith in God.

Think not you alone, the prophet, have  
not bowed the knee to Baal;  
Millions of our weary workers follow  
still the Holy Grail.

And the Star that leads them onward  
gleams as brightly now as Then,  
When the heavens rang with singing—  
"Peace on Earth; good will to  
men!"

Welcome, Poet of the Time!— for  
poetry is with us yet;  
And we know you bring a message  
many here will not forget.

In our study of the work of poets

of the last century, we are apt to overlook those of the present day, and not appreciate until after they have gone, the gems of thought they have given to the world. Thos. Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," speaks of the reception mankind gave to Burns, a reception which must have been very far from perfect, when the poet and "Great Man" that he was, died in disappointment. Carlyle further says, "It is a thing forever changing, this of Hero-Worship, different in each age, difficult to do well in any age. Indeed the heart of the whole business of the age, one may say is to do it well." Perhaps to appreciate and understand him is the best reception mankind can give to a poet of the times.

A few weeks ago a Great Poet came to Toronto and gave a lecture entitled "Poetry and Peace," in Burwash Hall, under the auspices of the Polity Club of the University. Mr. Alfred Noyes is a young man of not more than thirty-four years of age, possessing a strong personality that has the power of making others see his vision and feel the grip of it. While he was a young man, scarcely out of his teens, he wrote the beautiful, sad, and romantic poem, "The Flower of Old Japan," which has been lately set to



music. When he was twenty-four, his first volume of poems was published and sprang at once into favor. It was not a volume of thick pages, wide margins and large print, but a volume with a wonderful selection of poems, surprising and delighting its publishers with the quantity and quality of its verse. Another volume of equal merit soon followed. One marvels at the versatility, the rhythm that charms and the exquisite beauty of thought that characterizes Mr. Noyes' works.

In his lecture in Toronto the other week, he read one of his lighter poems—a charming one called—"Kew in Lilac Time." The rhythm is supposed to imitate the music of the barrel organs in London. Each verse is a description of the beauty of Kew in Spring, and the refrain comes with its catchy swing, making one long to be able to obey its call:—

"Come down to Kew in lilac time, in  
lilac time, in lilac time,  
Come down to Kew in lilac time, it  
isn't far from London,  
And we shall wander hand in hand  
with love in Summer's wonderland.  
Come down to Kew in lilac time, it  
isn't far from London."

The poem "The Infant Christ," or "Slumber Song of the Madonna" is exquisite in its music and beauty of thought and expression:—

"Sleep, little baby, I love thee.  
Sleep, little king, I am bending above  
thee !

How should I know what to sing  
Here in my arms as I sing thee to  
sleep ?

Hushaby low,

Rockaby so.

Kings may have wonderful jewels to  
bring,

Mother has only a kiss for her king !

Why should my singing so make me  
to weep ?

Only I know that I love thee, I love  
thee,

Love thee, my little one, sleep."

In the following verses the Madonna has a vision of what is to follow in the years to come,—Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and later His crucifixion, and the agony the separation will mean to her, but the poem ends with a verse that thrills us with the picture of Mary as she clasps the baby closer and sings:—

"But now you are mine, all mine,  
And your feet can lie in my hand so  
small.

And your tiny hands in my heart can  
twine,

And you cannot walk, so you never  
shall fall,

Or be pierced by the thorns beside the  
door

Or the nails that lie upon Joseph's  
floor.

Through sun and rain, through shadow  
and shine,

You are mine, all mine."

Mr. Noyes read another poem, "The Origin of Life," or "In the Beginning—God," which made quite clear to his audience just where he stood in his religious faith. In these days of religious doubts and controversy it is a surprise and delight to find a man, and a great man at that—a thinker—who possesses a childlike faith in God, and has the courage to voice his belief. Mr. Noyes is a poet with a message—and his message may be summed up in the words—"Peace on earth, goodwill to men." He has felt the uselessness and awfulness of war, and in a vision he sees in the distance a time when disputes and difficulties between nations will not be settled by war and bloodshed, but by peaceable and Christian means. When the Titanic went down with a loss of 2,000 human lives, the whole world mourned. In the Balkan war not 2,000 but 300,000 lives were lost, and the world took it as a matter of course, and said such things have to be. In his recent poem, "The Wine Press," Mr. Noyes describes the Balkan war, and in a vivid, masterful way paints a picture of the



horrors of war—a picture that is true—all too true, one which makes us recoil from the thought that such atrocities have taken place in our own time, while we have lived in blissful unconsciousness of it. He showed how war—the killing of one's fellow creatures makes fiends of men, awakening in them every cruel and bitter feeling; and the sorrow and distress war brings in her train, the bereaved wives and mothers, the scattered families and ruined homes. What a blessed time when there shall be no more war!

With spring at our very doors, Mr. Noves' poem "The Call of Spring," will be a fitting conclusion to this article. Let us catch some of the spirit of Spring, as Mr. Noves sees it, and keep its joyousness and optimism with us throughout the year.

### THE CALL OF THE SPRING.

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,

Come, choose your road and away.  
We'll out of the town by the road's  
bright crown

As it dips to the dazzling day.  
It's a long white road for the weary  
But it rolls through the heart of the  
Mav.

But the call that you hear this day,  
my lad,

Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth  
When the year's green fire in a soul's  
desire

Is brought like a rose to the birth;  
And Knights ride out to adventure

As the flowers break out of the  
earth.

Come, choose your road and away,  
away,

We'll follow the gypsy sun;  
For it's soon, too soon, to the end of  
the day,

And the day is well begun;  
And the road rolls on through the  
heart of this May,

And there's never a May but one.

There's not much better to win, my  
lad,

There's not much better to win!  
You have lived, you have loved, you  
have fought, you have proved

The worth of folly and sin;  
So now come out of the city's rout,  
Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out,—a bundle and stick is all  
You'll need to carry along,

If your heart can carry a kindly word,  
And your lips can carry a song;

You may leave the lave to the keep o'  
the grave,

If your lips can carry a song.

Come, choose your road and away, my  
lad,

Come, choose your road and away!  
We'll out of the town by the road's  
bright crown,

As it dips to the Sapphire day!  
All roads may meet at the world's  
end,

But, hey for the heart of the May!  
Come, choose your road and away,  
dear lad,

Come, choose your road and away.

HELEN G. FORTH.

## The Holidays Spent at the College.

After the girls had all gone to their homes with expectations of the good times awaiting them, we eleven girls left behind organized ourselves into a renovating club, and fixed the chapel up with cushions, rocking chairs and all the many knick-knacks that go to

make a bare place look home-like and cosy. We kept a bright and cheery fire burning in the grate nearly all the time, and when we were not out-of-doors we spent most of our spare time in the chapel.

In the afternoons we went down



town. A few of us went to Oshawa, and, as might be supposed, enjoyed ourselves ever so much. Mrs. McGilivray kindly invited us all over for afternoon tea one day, and we had a lovely time.

In the evenings we sat by the fireside telling ghost stories and popping corn. Mrs. MacPhadyen gave us the use of the kitchen, and the candy which we made turned out an awfully nice sticky success.

Dr. and Mrs. Hare asked us over one evening to play carpet balls. Dr.

Hare gave a few of his best selections on his Victrola, and altogether we had a grand time.

A few days after a miniature picnic to the lake was held—the first of the season. Miss Taylor and Miss Bingham chaperoned the picnics, and we all had a glorious time.

And now we want to express our thanks to Mrs. MacPhadyen and Mrs. Homuth for the interest they took in making our Easter holidays at the O. L.C., 1914, a happy success.

“THE TWINS.”

## The Political Question of the Hour--The Naval Question.

The naval question is the political problem of the hour which, in late years, has forged to the front, and is staying there with a persistency which assuredly marks it as a momentous step in the history of Canada. It is not a question now of whether there should be a navy, but of how that navy should be manipulated. The two governmental parties of Canada—Liberal and Conservative—have, as usual taken opposite sides in the matter; and it is our intention to endeavor to give some idea of the naval bill in general, as viewed by both sides.

First let it be made clear of just what the Naval bill consists, and what are the two policies pursued. Both parties are at one that they cannot agree. The Conservatives say that there should be a navy, but further hold that we should send a contribution of \$35,000,000 to England, and have the mother country build battle ships, man them and control them as she may think best. The Liberals, on the other hand, say Canada should build, control and manage her own navy, except in time of war, when full management should be given to the British government. Long and eloquent speeches have been delivered on this subject, in order to come to the

right decision. The outcome of these we have yet to learn.

In the first place the Liberals argue, “Canada is a growing nation. Some day she hopes to take first place beside the mother country. All Canadians must surely be desirous of hastening that day. Then why not make a good beginning by building the first battleships of her future navy?”

To this the Conservatives reply,—“That’s all very well, but England needs help, and instant help, to support the ever increasing burden of naval costs and difficulties. If Canada built her own navy, it would first require years and years to prepare docks to build that navy. This would be an enormous expense, besides taking long months of preparation. Even then, what could Canada hope to achieve in say fifty years, which would be of any worth, compared to the centuries of toil and skill which are behind the British Navy. In the meantime Germany, with her fast increasing armaments, might win some decisive naval battle, which would forever remove Britain from her proud position of “Mistress of the Seas.”

“But,” say the Liberals, “where lies all this haste? What makes you think that by any ghost of a chance



Germany will declare war with England, much less defeat her. 'Tis true she is building a great fleet, and is equipping herself with war implements such as no other nation in the world, save England, can rival, but first consider under what conditions this is being done. The people of Germany are more heavily burdened with taxes than any other. They are already deeply in debt, and are still borrowing. Besides their great fleet, they have an enormous land army to support, in order to protect their broad island frontiers. How long can any nation stand such a strain, or will stand it? Opposed to this, the British are a wealthy nation. Never before has the country been in such a general state of prosperity. In the last few years she has paid off millions of dollars on her national debt. Her land forces cost her nothing in comparison, as England is an island empire, and is secure in her navy. Even should Germany declare war, what a storm would she bring down upon herself? France is a close ally of England, and ready to join with her at shortest notice. Other European powers would also be on England's side, while Japan may be depended on in the same cause, for at least the next eight or ten years."

You may view Germany and German dangers in so light a vein, reply the Conservatives. But facts are facts and must be faced. British authorities, upon our inquiry, assert there is a danger, and surely that alone ought to be sufficient to make us act and act instantly; however, as it is not, let us point out a few convincing facts:

Germany has a navy which, to all appearances, is striving to rival that of Great Britain. It is ever held ready for instant action, and continually hovers around British and German shore lines. Naval warfare is known to descend like a bolt from heaven. What use, then, would our ships be should they arrive after the battle had been fought, and all is lost.

Besides German interests, there are many others which would command constant employment for our ships, not on Canadian but on British shores. England is losing the supremacy of the seas which several years ago she held. All over the British world her battleship protection is being diminished, all because she is cramped for her own protection. It is true she has more ships than ever before, but so have other nations; thus she must protect her shores accordingly. Canada has an immense coast line; much good, therefore, two or three ships would do her, when miles and miles separate them. Then, too, if she manned her own ships, where will the men come from? In England they might be hired for a few cents a day, whereas the Canadian man asks two dollars. Why unnecessarily take the young men of Canada from their homes, and put them to such a service, when they might be doing far better nation building if otherwise employing their time.

Why indeed, say the Liberals? Why? Because Canadian men have, we are glad to say, far more patriotic love than you give them credit for. Do you suppose, for a minute, they would be willing to allow others to do the work which it is right and honorable for them to do? England wants the heart and brains of her people, as well as their money. As to Canada protecting her own coasts, does she not need that protection, however poor, just as much as any other part of the British empire? It is towards England's colonies that other nations are looking with longing eyes. Overpopulated Germany views with envy Canada's vast area of unpopulated country. What more likely than that she should be the first to bear attack? In other words, to sum up your opinion of the naval question, why should a strong healthy man hire another to support his own family?

Thus have the parliamentary forces of this country struggled for supremacy, and all eagerly await the suc-

cessful issue of this problem. What-  
ever be decided, may it prove right  
and most beneficial to the great coun-

try of which we form a part; and  
may all ever remember that there is  
one flag, one fleet, one throne.

CONSTANCE KILBORN.

## Our Bluebird.

Fly o'er grassy meadows,  
Fly o'er green, green hills,  
Fly, fly, little bluebird.  
Fly o'er dancing rills.

Carry in thy wee breast  
Bluebird of mine,  
Joy, joy, to all the world,  
From thee and thine.

Fly to little children,  
Laugh away their tears,  
And don't forget the grownfolk  
Who've lived so many years.

Years are often heavy  
And leave an aching place:  
Bring them sunset's glory,  
And our dear Lord's grace.

GERTRUDE IANSON



## Vox Collegii

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### Editorial.

"When our wide woods and mighty lawns bloom to the April skies."

\* \* \*

Easter week brought a great sorrow to one of our number. Marguerite McKenzie was called home suddenly to the death-bed of her only sister, arriving just after she had passed away. We take this opportunity of extending to Marguerite our heart-felt sympathy.

\* \* \*

The Easter holidays were looked forward to for so long with such eagerness that one wondered if the realization would be less sweet than the anticipation, but the end of the holidays has brought back the girls looking better and very charming in their new

spring outfits, with tales of the delightful happenings of the holiday week. Our last term is left to us, and with new energy and enthusiasm we are able to face it after the rest of the holiday, ready and eager for all the pleasures and duties it has in store.

\* \* \*

### EASTER THOUGHTS.

In these days we are apt to forget the real meaning of Easter in the midst of the general holiday rejoicing. What a truly wonderful story it all is when we stop to think! The crucifixion of our Lord on Good Friday at the hands of his persecutors; of His burial in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, and finally His resurrection on Easter morn! Easter day, the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon, as commemorating the central fact of our religion, has always been regarded as the chief festival of the Christian year, and has from the earliest times been observed with a stately and elaborate ceremonial. This festival at a very early date became a rule in the Christian church. But the date was left to the Christians who were to follow their own instinct in regard to it. Accordingly the Jews and Gentiles differed, the former commencing their festival on the termination of their religious fast on the fourteenth day of the moon, irrespective of the day of the week. With the Gentiles, on the other hand, the first day of the week would be identified with the resurrection festival, and the preceding Friday kept as the commemoration of the crucifixion.

The name Easter is derived from the festival of the goddess **Eastre**, the goddess of spring, held in her honor in

the month of April. The season brings many beautiful and holy associations, and we should try to enter more into the spirit of it, to picture clearly in our minds the events of those wonderful days in the Holy Land many thousands of years ago. It should be a season of great happiness, because :

"The air seems full of whisperings;  
And every passing breeze  
A breath of hope and promise  
brings,  
Blown from eternal seas."

Campbell Morgan says, "The living risen Christ is the centre of the Church's creed, the creator of her character, and the inspiration of her conduct. His resurrection is the clearest note in the battle-song. It is the sweetest, strongest music amid all her sorrows."

\* \* \*

### THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

During the past few weeks the papers have been filled with accounts of the trouble in Mexico, but the probability that war might be declared between the United States and Mexico filled every one with alarm. The fact that Mexico has no President, and that Carranza, Villa and Huerta

have set themselves up as such has brought about the disturbance in Mexico.

Huerta, the drunken usurper, aroused the displeasure of President Wilson, of the United States, who demanded an apology, which was not made.

It is feared that, whilst the Mexicans are divided against themselves, they would join forces against another country.

The request to Huerta to make amends after the manner of civilization may have been unnecessary, but there is no turning back now, although the thought of war is distasteful to the United States Congress.

To go through with it means that at least 200,000 soldiers will be needed to reach Mexico city, besides large forces to hold and keep the peace. However, the fact that some of the S. American countries and England wish to act as mediators may avert the danger.

In this advanced age it seems hard to believe that nations cannot settle disputes in some other manner rather than by war. How much we Canadians have to be thankful for when we celebrate our one hundred years of peace.

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## Trafalgar Daughters

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The Trafalgar Daughters held their annual luncheon in honor of their Alma Mater, the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, in Foresters' Hall, College street, on Tuesday noon. There were seventy present, and Mr. R. J. Score, President of the Board of Directors; J. J. Hare, Principal of the College; Miss Taylor, lady superin-

tendent, and Mrs. McTavish, representing Alma College, were guests of honor. The tables were prettily decorated in the college colors, dark and light blue, daffodils and table lights. Miss Winnifred Lancelty and Mrs. Hales took part in the program which followed. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Miss Cole-



man, honorary president ; Mrs. Sullivan, honorary vice-president ; Mrs. Atkinson, president ; Mrs. Foy, first vice president ; Mrs. Graham, second vice-president ; Mrs. Gallanough, corresponding secretary ; Miss Aikenhead, recording secretary ; Mrs. Johnston, treasurer ; Mrs. Lydiatt, press representative ; Mrs. Brock Wilkins, program committee ; Mrs. Ray, visiting committee ; Mrs. Walker, hostess committee ; Miss Mortimer, music committee.

#### CROSS—GREENWOOD.

A Whitby despatch to The Globe, said : All Saints' church witnessed an interesting wedding this afternoon when the church edifice was filled with townspeople, friends of the bride, a Whitby girl, living in Calgary, Alta., Miss Margery Hamar Greenwood, sister of Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., for Sunderland, in the British House of Commons. The groom was Mr. George Frederick Cross, of Calgary. The bride was given away by Mr. Harry Moore, and was attended as matron of honor by her sister, Mrs. Moore. Mr. Will Cross, of Toronto, was groomsman. The ceremony was conducted by the Rector, Rev. Robert, Wallbridge Allen. During the service Mr. Robin Nicholson contributed appropriate music on the organ. The bride was attired in a white satin with shadow lace overdress and pearls. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. A reception was held afterwards at Burr Lodge, the residence of Mr. Frank B. Mosure. The guests were a very few of the old friends of the bride and relatives of the groom. Miss May Hamar Greenwood, superintendent of Jewish hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio, came over for the wedding. The honeymoon will be spent in the East. A shower of tele-

grams and cables from a widely extended circle conveyed hearty-well wishes.

On the 17th of April a quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. Harvey Robb, Parkview Apts., Toronto, when his sister, Norma Lenora, was united in marriage to Mr. Frederick Richardson. With the exception of the two families, the only guests present were O.L.C. friends of Miss Robb's. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson left for New York, and on their return will reside in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Oakwood, Ont., announce the marriage of their daughter, Lillian Pearl, to Mr. Reginald Buchan, Toronto, on the 7th of April. Mr. and Mrs. Buchan left for an extended honeymoon in Europe. Mrs. Buchan was gold medalist in Domestic Science in '09, and her school friends who read this will be longing to call on Lillian in her new home in Toronto upon her return, for it is certain to be a regular gold medalist's house.

Mrs. Hogg (Clara Shillington), of Englehart, has been in Toronto for Easter.

Mrs. Becker (Lucile Cook) writes that she is in love with Calgary and the West generally.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

At her home in Dunnville, Ontario, on Sunday, March 22nd, 1914, Henrietta Hampton Parry, beloved wife of R. A. Harrison, and eldest daughter of the late John Parry, of Dunnville, Ontario.

Now the laborer's task is o'er ;

Now the battle day is past ;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

## Y. W. C. A.

### STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES OR THE CANADIAN PROBLEM.

The largest and most serious question facing Canadians to-day is the Home Mission Problem. When we remember that the Dominion of Canada is almost as large as the whole continent of Europe, and that most of it is thickly populated, we get a small idea of the immensity of the task that lies before us. The magnitude of this problem is the price that Canadians are paying for the progress the country is making along every line. From 1900 to 1910 the population increased over three millions, and we are only at the beginning of our country's growth.

It has been estimated that 1,000 immigrants land on our shores every day. With this rapid influx comes a great responsibility to Christians in Canada. The eyes of the world have been turned to Canada. Attracted by the mineral resources of Northern Ontario, British Columbia and the Klondyke, and by the agricultural possibilities of the western provinces, hundreds of thousands of settlers from almost every country on the face of the earth are coming to the new districts.

In the next century the Canadian nationality will be a blending of many different nations, and it depends on the influence we bring to bear on these people what the character of Canada shall be.

If all higher considerations fail to arouse our interest, should not the national aspect interest us?

Of the many nationalities that are coming to our shores, the Galicians or Ruthenians are coming in great numbers, over 150,000 of them in the Western provinces. We are less ready to receive them than any other peo-

ple. Because of oppression, they are consequently ignorant and poor. They are suspicious of governments, and regardless of education, but are not irreligious.

Perhaps we are too ready to exaggerate their faults of fighting and drinking, but we are told by those who work among them that untruthfulness is also a very great fault. Mission work among the Galicians was very slow for some time, because of their distrust, but medical and educational work has won their confidence.

We have all heard a great deal about the Doukhobors and their pilgrimages. Not since the immigration of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan has there been such a migration of a whole people from one country to another. They are ignorant, but clean, industrious and religious. By wise and careful treatment from government and church their fanatical pilgrimages are passing away.

One of the most serious problems is the Mormon community of 10,000 in Southern Alberta. Of course the outstanding figure of Mormonism is polygamy, and although they agreed to abandon plural marriages, we are not at all sure they have kept their promise. Certain it is that their teachings are not changed. It is probably a national mistake that they are allowed in our country.

Then we find in British Columbia the great influx of Asiatics to be dealt with. It has been stated that every fifth man in British Columbia is yellow. Altogether between thirty and thirty-five thousand Chinese, Japanese and Hindus are in the province. They do not assimilate, and although the Presbyterian and Methodist churches have carried on work among them, little success has resulted. It is easier to Christianize them in their own



country than in Canada. Surely this is to our shame, who count ourselves a Christian nation.

In the history of the world the Jews hold a unique place. For nineteen hundred years they have been a people exiled and nationally homeless in almost every land in the world. And yet they exist in greater numbers to-day than at any period since the time of Abraham, and have retained every feature peculiar to their race. They are to be found in all our towns and cities. In Toronto there are no less than seventeen thousand, and they are taking places of influence and power. The children are bright and learn easily, and are taking distinguished places in our colleges and universities. Much of the world's wealth is in the hands of the Jews, and they are to be reckoned with in the finance of every country. They live in the most congested quarters and are quite distinct from the surrounding Gentiles. No weapon that has been raised against them has prevailed. "He that keepeth Israel never slumbereth nor sleepeth." It is for us to carry the message of hope to the Jews, to tell them that Jesus has died to save sinners.

We must not forget the first inhabitants of our land, the Indians, who are scattered on the reserves from east to west. Nor the camps that stretch from the fisheries on the Atlantic to the loggers on the Pacific. The railway construction, lumbering and mining camps are the chief ones. One hardly expects to find in these camps moral conditions as satisfactory as in well-governed cities, and although there may be no sin in mining camps that cannot be equalled in a city, there is an open, brazen-faced defiance about vice in these frontier places that can hardly be understood, while in some communities forces that make for uncleanness are numerous and thoroughly organized, where the saloons are open day and night, Sunday and every day.

Then we have to consider the for-

eigners and the poor in our cities. Although our country is comparatively young, yet the terms, "shacktown," "ward," "east end," "China town," "ghetto," and "slum" districts are quite common.

In Toronto there are something like 45,000 foreigners, and when we remember how some of these people live it almost makes us shiver.

A great many of these men are alone here, possibly earning money to bring out their families, but in the meantime they are not at all particular how they live. By paying a small sum to a person who has a house, they are given room enough on the floor to spread their blankets for the night, and also the use of the stove to cook their meals. As many as 25 or 30 are often crowded into a small four-roomed house where the ventilation is anything but good, and the poor little children growing up in homes like this and with no place to play but the streets, I am sure few of us think when we go up to Toronto for a day's shopping that such conditions exist a few blocks away.

It is for women to improve the home life of these strangers in our land, and if the homes are improved, it is easier to influence the children, and it is the children we must benefit if we are to help them. These people who come have low motives and low ideals, and they tend to lower our standard. We must set higher ideals before them. The greatest life is the one that serves. "If any be great among you let him serve." Those who are solving the problem of life are solving Canada's problem.

We have a wonderful opportunity. Are we going to make use of it? We did not go to these people, our brothers and sisters, in their own land with the blessed story of Christ's death for our salvation. Are we also going to refuse it when they come to our very doors?

Every Mohammedan considers himself a missionary, and that it is his

duty to try to convert everyone he meets. Oh, that we who have the only true religion and who can point the way to the only source of comfort, might feel our responsibility.

Someone's imagination has pictured a scene supposed to have taken place after Christ's ascension. Gabriel asks Jesus what his plans are for saving the world. He says "Lord, you have died to save a lost world, but only a few know of your death. How are you going to let all the world know?" Jesus tells him, "Why, there's Peter and James and John and the rest, and they will tell others, and others others and still others till all the world shall know." Gabriel thinks he

knows mortals pretty well, and he wonders if away down in the twentieth century some may be too busy with their own duties that they will forget to tell others, and so he says, "But, Lord, if they don't tell others, what is your plan then?" Jesus answers, "I have no other plan, Gabriel, I am counting on them." Jesus is counting on us. Are we going to fail Him, or are we going to strive to do what He expects of us? It may not be easy, it may not be the course we had planned for ourselves, but let us remember that Jesus is counting on us.

GRACE HAIG.

## Music

Any achievement in acting or in music grows with growth. Whenever an artist has been able to say: "I came, I saw, I conquered," it has been at the end of patient practice.—George Eliot.

On Saturday evening, March 28, the following program was rendered in the drawing-room:

"Longing for Home" (Jengmann), Miss Evelyn Cook.

"Sevenata" (Moskowski), Miss Grace Haig.

"For All Eternity" (Mascheroni), Miss Ruby Coxworth.

"Farantelle" (Karganoff), Miss Cora Kilborn.

"Morning Mood" (Grieg), Miss J. McLelland.

"Until" (Sanderson), Miss Gertrude Relyea.

"Les Sylvains" (Chaminade), Miss Marguerite Homuth.

(a) "Wearin' Awa'", (b) "Love me if I live." (A. Foote), Miss Catherine Breithaupt.

Impromptu (Rubenstein); Miss Mabel Sharpe.

While the painter or sculptor must borrow the raiment for his idea from the human form or the landscape, the musician is above with his inspiration. He listens to the voice of the spirit of the world, or, which is the same, of his own spirit speaking to him as in a dream; for it is only in dreams when the soul is not disturbed by the impression of the senses, that such a state of absorption is attainable. and Vogel's saying of Schubert, that he composed in a state of clairvoyance, may be applied to all creative musicians.—Francis Hueffer.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, Little Britain, gave a concert, and the following artists took part:—Miss Hazel Connor, of the L. C. I., Lindsay, elocutionist; Miss Homuth, soloist, and Miss Hicks, of O.L.C. took part. The early part of the program was given by the Misses Homuth and Hicks, of the O. L. C., Whitby. Miss Homuth sang some well selected solos that were cordially received and heartily applauded. She sang with unquestionable taste and brilliancy,



and her conception and musical insight were of a high order. It is rarely so youthful a singer is gifted with so rare a voice and is so finished an artist. Miss Hicks' readings were suitably chosen, excellently given and enthusiastically applauded. Miss Hicks is certainly a gifted reciter, and her welcome in future appearance is already assured.

#### RECITAL.

Given by Mr. John Hardy, of Leicester, Eng., in the College Concert Hall, Friday, April 3rd, 1914, assisted by vocal solos by Misses Patrick and Messer.

#### Program.

1. "Eliza's Escape Across the Ice" (H. B. Stowe), taken from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
2. Vocal—"Sink Red Sun" (Del Riego), Miss Dora Patrick.
3. "Gwen, the Canyon Story" (Ralph Connor), taken from "The Sky Pilot."
4. "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn," (Dickens).
5. \* Vocal—"When the Heart is Young," (Dudley Buck), Miss M. Messer.
6. "Mr. MacMunn's Last Courtship" (Scotch).
7. "The Last Test Match."

## Art

We have had several very successful meetings of the Art Club, and we hope to have a few more this term. Georgina Smith very kindly posed for us at the last meeting, and it was great fun "comparing notes." Some of them were very good, in fact, all of them were splendid for amateurs. So far we have studied the lives of several of the monkish painters, which have been very interesting. Miss Wright has given some good articles on Art.

The Robert Simpson Company, Toronto, are displaying a very beautiful picture called "Choosing the Bride."

#### "CHOOSING THE BRIDE."

By Konstantin Makoffsky.

The element of human interest is so dominant in the paintings of the great Russian that their historical importance is rather overshadowed. Yet there is more than a passing significance in the way in which he returns the scenes and events typically Russian. Beyond the delight which the exuberant beauty of his work gives, we must reckon with him as a historian.

First of all, the story. In 1645, Alexis Michailowitsch, sixteen years of age, became Tsar of all the Russias. At eighteen, it became necessary for him to select a bride, according to the Russian royal custom. Let it be remembered that the Russia of the period was almost Oriental in its court customs. The veiling of noble ladies was first done away with by Peter the Great, but till his time women of high family lived practically the life of the harem. The young Alexis would choose his wife from a half dozen young ladies of the high nobility whom his councillors had first selected from the two hundred who had come to Moscow for the event.

Alexis, ardent and young, could not endure the idea of choosing a wife in such a fashion. He persuaded his sisters to invite the young ladies to a private concert in the palace, and he was present at this disguised as a musician. By accident, Eufemia from the Province of Riazan took her place among the princesses. The eyes of the royal musician fell upon her, he was charmed with her beauty as she by

his, and it became one of those famous romances of love at first sight. Eufemia resolved not to be presented to the young Tsar, for she could not put the musician who had captivated her imagination out of mind. Finally, persuaded by relatives, she was present, in what agitation of mind may be imagined.

Meantime the Tsar's favorite, Boyar Morosoff, had plans of his own. He kept the place next the throne\* for Marie and Anna Miloslawski, intending that the young sovereign should marry one sister, he himself the other. It was the place of Morosoff to present the Tsar with a ring and handkerchief on a salver, which Alexis would then give to the lady of his choice.

Makoffsky depicts the dramatic moment in which Eufemia, last of all the ladies, recognizes her lover, who is coming from the throne to her oblivious of all others.

Gloomy in their gorgeousness are the historic surroundings, and sad in its ending was the love that bloomed

out so suddenly in that grim atmosphere of mediaevalism and ruthless ambitions. Boyar Morosoff succeeded in exiling the family of Eufemia to Siberia, and, many years after, in persuading the Tsar to marry Marie Miloslawski, though the marriage took place without public ceremony. But the artist has chosen the golden moment that gleams out imperishably like a thread of pure metal from the dark tapestry of history, the moment of "love's young dream."

Those who admired the art of Makoffsky in "The Russian Wedding Feast" will find an interest no less enthralling in this canvas. The picture is the third in the series of masterpieces which have been brought to Toronto, and in size is larger than "The Wedding Feast."

Teachers and Art Classes will do well to visit the picture in the hours before noon, so that every facility for study and close inspection may be given.

(Valued for insurance at \$50,000).

## Household Science

Easter vacation has once more come and gone and the girls are back full of their good times. They all realize that in the two months that are to follow a lot of work is to be accomplished. Already the Seniors have that wearied look. Those awful things called "meals" are staring them in the face. Cheer up, girls! do your best, and June will soon be here.

### WHAT WE STAND FOR.

S is for study, to plug and to cram, until we have tried our final exam.  
E's not for eating, for we must fast, in order in June our exams to pass.  
N is for nerves, which may possess,

especially the Seniors, who never must rest.

I is Infirmary, where we don't want to go, although we may have to, we study so.  
O is the nothing we fear we may get in spite of our motto, "Don't worry, don't fret."  
R is for results on Commencement Day. For then we'll receive our hard worked for pay.  
S is for summer, that long looked for time. As Seniors is spelled, I'll now end my rhyme.

### GENERAL RULES FOR COOKING IN DEEP FAT.

A fat for deep fat frying should be



one that will not run easily. A good combination is half lard and half suet, although olive oil, cotton seed oil or beef drippings may be used.

Foods to be cooked in deep fats should be rolled in crumbs, then in egg and crumbs again, or covered with a batter to keep them from absorbing fat.

The temperature of the fat should first be tested with a cube of bread. For cooked fat a higher temperature is required, and bread should brown in 40 seconds. For uncooked foods, bread should brown in 60 seconds.

Food cooked in fat should be drained on unglazed paper.

Anyone wishing to know proper care of fat kettle, may find out the same by applying to Alice Butler.

#### GENERAL RULES FOR COOKING OF MEATS.

Meat should be removed from paper

as soon as it comes from the market, wrapped in a damp cloth and placed in a granite or earthenware dish.

Tender cuts of meat are broiled, pan-broiled or roasted. When meat is to be cooked by either of these methods it is first seared over a very hot fire. Searing causes the albumen on the outside of the meat to coagulate, and thus the juices of meat are retained. After searing meat is cooked at a lower temperature.

Tough meat should be cooked by boiling. Boiling water should first be poured over meat to sear it. After boiling for five minutes the temperature is reduced. The meat is then allowed to simmer until it is tender.

In roasting meat allow 12 to 15 minutes to lb., and 15 minutes extra for roast weighing more than 8 lbs. For roast less than 8 lbs. allow 20 minutes to lb. and 20 minutes extra.



## Oratory



#### IMPRESSIONS OF FORBES-ROBERTSON—"MICE AND MEN."

It was my privilege to hear the great actor, Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson in the drama "Mice and Men," and although my expectations were worked up to the highest, I was not disappointed.

Although "Mice and Men" is the lightest of dramas in the repertoire of Forbes-Robertson, still I think it is the most pleasing.

The story is a very beautiful one, and the beauty and simplicity of the play is brought out to the best advantage by the superb acting of

Forbes-Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliot.

The principal characters are Mark Embury and his ward Peggy (Forbes-Robertson and his wife).

The first scene is in studio of Mark Embury, scholar and scientist, and he and his friend, Roger Goodlake, are discussing the advisability of taking a young girl from the "Foundling Home," educating her and adopting her as his ward and eventually marry her.

His friend Roger tries to dissuade him, as his own matrimonial venture had not been the happiest, but Mr.

Embury insists on trying the experiment.

The next scene is where the Beadle and Matron of the "Foundling Home" bring in the orphans for Mr. Embury to choose his ward from. There are six of them, and they are numbered one, two, three, etc. This scene is very funny. Mark Embury notices number five is twitching in a most unusual way, and asks her why she cannot stand still, and she cries out, "Please, there is a pin sticking in my back." This amuses him exceedingly, and as she is also very bright and pretty, he chooses number five to be his ward. Her foundling name is "Little Britain," but Mr. Embury calls her Peggy.

He begins her education by leaving her in his studio to learn her multiplication table, and the next scene is where Mr. Embury's scape-grace nephew enters the window, and finding Peggy there, is very much surprised. He makes friends with her, and is reconciled to his uncle, but has to go abroad for two years, to redeem himself.

Before he leaves he is very much in love with Peggy, and she returns his love but will not acknowledge it, as she has been told by Mrs. Goodlake that he is engaged to another girl. This is a scheme of Mrs. Goodlake, as she was in love with the nephew herself, and, naturally, jealous of Peggy.

Two years elapse before the next scene, and during that time Peggy has been educated by her guardian, and has developed into a lovely young woman.

Her guardian now asks her to marry him, and out of gratitude she consents. Just at this time the nephew, Captain Lovel, returns and is more in love with Peggy than ever, but she is true to her promise and does not encourage him. The wedding day is set and all arranged between herself and Mark Embury.

But Peggie's guardian finds out her

secret, and generously gives up his ward to his nephew, Captain Lovel, although he too loves her, and must go on the rest of his life alone.

The last scene is exceedingly pretty as well as pathetic. It is the garden of the South Cottage at Hampstead that Mr. Embury had prepared for his bride. It is a perfect bower of roses, and Mr. Embury and Peggy are seen walking through the garden the eve before the wedding day.

Mr. Embury, before leaving Peggy, hands her a letter to give to his nephew, who is expected to arrive that evening to attend his uncle's wedding. Captain Lovel appears presently, and the lovers read the letter that Mr. Embury had given Peggy, find that he wishes them to marry one another and be happy, and that the cottage is his wedding gift.

Peggy finds out that Mrs. Goodlake has been deceiving her for her own purpose, and that Captain Lovel had always loved her and been true to her. Thus "The best laid schemes of mice and men oft gang agley."

Captain Lovel leads Peggy into the cottage, and soon they are heard singing together the lovely Scotch ballad, "My love is like the red, red rose." While they are singing Mark Embury walks slowly into the garden, listens, and then with bowed head passes out of the gate to take up his lonely life again.

The sweetness and passion of that last scene is indescribable.

What impressed me more than anything else was the natural dignity of the great actor. It was not as if he were acting at all—it was real.

There was nothing stacy about the whole play. Gertrude Elliott as Peggy was charming, and all the other characters were also good.

As you may see from the synopsis I have given, the play, although pretty, is a very ordinary story, and only the wonderful acting of Forbes-Robertson makes it what it is.

I have seen many good players, but



none have left the impression that Forbes-Robertson did that night, and to my mind he has not an equal on the stage to-day.

MARGARET MACFADYEN.

Mary S.—“Oh, I saw Forbes-Robertson in ‘The Passing of the Third-Floor Back,’ and it was nothing but preach, preach, preach.—It was good, though.”

#### “THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.”

“The Light that Failed” is a representative work of the early period of Rudyard Kipling’s literary career, and between its covers is not only a thrilling story, but a wealth of picturesque prose, and a generous glimpse of Mr. Kipling’s own personality.

While under the guardianship of Mrs. Jeanette, a woman with a heart of tint, the companionship of Dick and Maisie, two orphan children, developed into warm friendship. But soon they separated. Dick became an artist, and went to the Soudan with the Gordon relief expedition to make illustrations for the English papers. Maisie studied Art in Paris and later opened a studio in London. On coming back to England Dick brought with him well-earned fame, an unconquerable love for Maisie, and a sword cut on the head, received while in action. Maisie’s heart’s desire was fame, and to her no sacrifice was too great might fame be attained.

Meanwhile Dick’s head wound was seriously affecting the optic nerve, and he became totally blind just as he had finished his masterpiece, the Melancholia, the likeness of a “woman who had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it.” But Bessie Broke, the model who had posed for him, in a spiteful rage, ruined the canvas in revenge for Dick’s interference in her love affair with Torpenhow, Dick’s friend. Maisie, who had once again returned to her study in Paris, was informed by Torpenhow of Dick’s blindness, but she proved more unwilling than ever to devote herself to him.

Dick, crushed and surrounded by doubt and despair, went again to the Soudan, where fighting was in progress between British and native troops, and seated on a camel, insisted on being placed in the front of the firing line. A welcome bullet ended his life.

The story is disheartening in itself, but George Fleming in dramatizing it has rejected the closing chapters, and chosen to use the happy ending, which Kipling afterwards wrote, in a moment of weakness. Thus in the final scene of the play, Maisie fully surrenders herself to “the greatest thing in the world.”

Forbes-Robertson’s interpretation of the character of Dick Heldar is sincere, masterful, and distinctly individual. In the last scene of this play the blind artist, Dick Heldar, is sitting alone in his study when there is heard through the open window, the martial tones of band music. His body seems borne on the strains of joy he can no longer witness. His face becomes wondrously illuminated. His features shine with that light his dull eyes can no longer reflect, as, standing erect, he marks time to the dying strains.

#### THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

Through all Forbes-Robertson’s work there runs the compelling force of a great throbbing personality. Needless to say this is the motive power in “The Passing of the Third Floor Back.” We see the quiet, spiritual “Passer-By” influencing those with whom he comes in contact. We see the marvellous change in the members of a disorderly boarding house. We see harmony come into so many lives. We watch with the keenest interest just how the Passer-By reaches out and wins to better and nobler living the Cheat, the Painted Lady, the Shrew, the Coward, and the Snob; and all this takes place in three acts, with no change of scenery, yet our interest for a single moment does not flag. We are becoming acquainted

with real men and women; we are learning their life histories, and we are coming to a realization that too few lives of their sort are touched by the Divine Love manifested in the "Passer-By"—a love that we ourselves could manifest if we would.

The lights on the stage grow dim—

the "Passer-By" goes forth from the household as quietly as he came—the stage grows darker and only the sobs of the little house-maid tell us that he is gone. And the song in our hearts as the curtain falls, is "Jesus of Nasareth passeth by."

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## Athletics

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### BASKET BALL.

After the last league game, March 27th, the faculty played the students. The teams were lined up by Referee Lillian Follick, as follows.

Faculty.—Centre, Miss Weir; forwards—Misses Porte and Findlay; guards—Misses Newton, Gardiner, and Gott.

Students.—Centre, Hope Wilkinson; forwards, Constance Kilborn, Betty Richmond; guards, Cora Kilborn, Jean Hodge.

The gallery was crowded with excited spectators who breathlessly watched the game, and cheered the players on. At the beginning of the game Miss Weir and Miss Gardiner played good combination from centre to basket, but alas! Miss Gardiner threw the ball up under the basket instead of over. However, Miss Gott saved

the situation by deftly catching the ball above their heads and standing on tiptoe, dropped it into the basket amid frantic cheers from the onlookers.

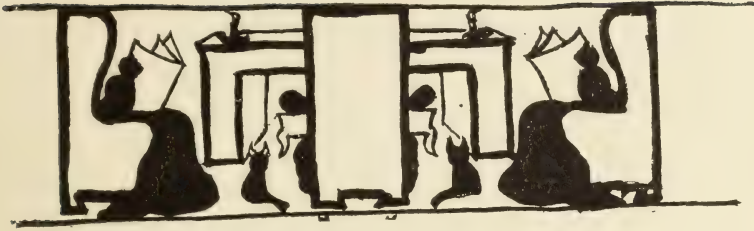
Miss Porte and Miss Findlay made many desperate efforts at the basket, only to have the ball hurled back by some desperate student.

In the midst of a skirmish at centre, Miss Weir succeeded in grasping the ball, and amidst excited cries of "this way," "throw it here," etc., she did the next best thing and sent it high up in the air. The rooters held their breath, while Miss Porte and Miss Gott made a scintillating rush from one end of the gym. to the other, and Miss Gott put in another basket.

The gym. resounded with wild cheering and the game was called. Score 4-0 in favor of the Faculty.

L. GORDON.





## Fireside Notes

Lillian Polly, of Deseronto, spent a few days with her sister, Fern.

We are sorry to hear that Mary Richards will not be back at O.L.C.

Miss Myrtle Marwood was in Toronto for the week-end of April 24th.

Miss Taylor and Miss Bingham spent the holidays very pleasantly in Toronto.

Helen Goforth spent a very happy week in Toronto, the guest of Miss Dorothy Kilpatrick.

Ethel Terry was the guest of her room-mate, Eleanor Smythe, at the latter's home in Bridgeburg.

Miss Weir spent the holidays in Toronto and at Hamilton with Mrs. Snyder (nee Miss Davis).

Velma Hitchcock was the guest of Verda Day in Hamilton during the holidays.

Myrtle Patrick and Elsie Scrimmes were in Toronto for a day or two during the holidays.

Lillian Follick was in Toronto for part of her vacation, and had a splendid time.

Edna Grant, Ethel Richardson and Ethel Hare spent their holidays very pleasantly in Toronto.

Myrtle James spent the holidays in London, Ingersoll and Toronto, and had a "great" time in each place.

Grace Haig had a very pleasant visit of a few days from her little cousin. Come again, Anne, we'll be pleased to have you.

Merle Talbot spent the week-end of April 18th with Ethel Richardson, the guest of Ethel's aunt, Mrs. Andrews, of Toronto.

There are some new faces in the halls these days, and we welcome them most heartily, and hope that this term may be a very happy one indeed.

Betty Richmond was the guest of Allie Butler at her home in Woodstock, and, like Allie's former guests, returned full of the splendid time she had.

We are all glad to hear that Miss Georgia Langmaid is feeling so much better and hope that she may visit us some time in the near future.

Hope Wilkinson, Kathleen Mackenzie, Nora Tucker, Marjory Garlock and Georgina Smith, spent the holidays in London, the guest of Kizzie McCormick.

9 Main is once more her old self with the "four" back. Jane returned after the holidays looking and feeling much better, and we hope to have her with us (without even a week-end, Jane) until the College closes. Welcome back!

We were all very sorry indeed to hear of the death of Marguerite Mackenzie's sister, and sympathize very much with Marguerite. She will not likely return to O.L.C. this term, but those of us who are coming back next year are looking forward to seeing her then.

Miss McFarlane, of Toronto, was the guest of Miss Gordon for the week

end of April 25th, and the "old girls" as well as the others, who were so fortunate as to meet her before, were so pleased to see her back at O.L.C. a gain—even if it were only for a week-end.

The halls are once more resounding with the gay young voices of the girls, and the dining-room and class-rooms

are beginning to look like their old selves. The girls who were away for the holidays returned full of the "splendid times" they have spent, and the girls who remained in the College are loud in their praises of the good times offered in Whitby during vacation. We are glad to be back, and now for hard work (with a good deal of fun) until June, girls.



If you are in doubt about kissing a girl, what would you do?

Give her the benefit of the doubt.

Why doesn't Jane McFarlane eat her apron?

Because it goes against her stomach.

Do you know the best thing to take before singing, Myrtle?

No.

Breath.

When will the Vox be like a delicate person?

When it appears weekly.

What coat is finished without buttons and put on wet?

A coat of paint.

Miss Weir—If the poker, shovel and tongs cost \$7.50, what would a ton of coal come to?

Mary Score.—Ashes.

What goes all the way from Whitby to Toronto without moving?

The railroad tracks.

What enlightens the world though dark itself?

Ink.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp?

One you lick with a stick and the other you stick with a lick.

Pray tell us ladies, if you can,  
Who is that highly favored man,  
Who, though he's married many a wife  
May be a bachelor all his life?

A clergyman.

When is a clock like a dissatisfied man?

When ready to strike.

When may a chair be said to dislike you?

When it cannot bear you.

Why doesn't the man in the moon ever get rich?

Because he gets a quarter each week and gets full every month.

1st student.—What are you doing?

2nd student.—Oh, studying.

1st student.—Don't you know that too much unaccustomed labor is not good for you?

Margaret Messer, when seated in the restaurant one day, looked long and hard at the bill of fare and sighed wistfully: "Oh, how I would love a nice steak with onions, but I have a vocal lesson from Mr. Blight, so it is out of the question."



Sympathetic friend suggesting a certain hotel :—If you go there the bill will take your breath away.

Why don't the Irish kiss the Blarney stone any more ?

Because it is a shamrock.

G. H.—What do you call this pudding ?

M. G.—It comes without calling.

M. P.—Define space ?

D. S.—Oh, I've got it in my head, but I can't get it out.

O.L.C. girl (Grace Haig) at Eaton's music counter asked for "High links" Then she demanded "Sympathy."

Attempt to disguise lack of knowledge in the Scripture exam.:

"Deborah was a very wicked, murderous woman, and yet in one sense she acted up to the motto, 'When in Rome do as Romans do' ; according to the way and custom of her people she lived, and I think she was anxious for fame."

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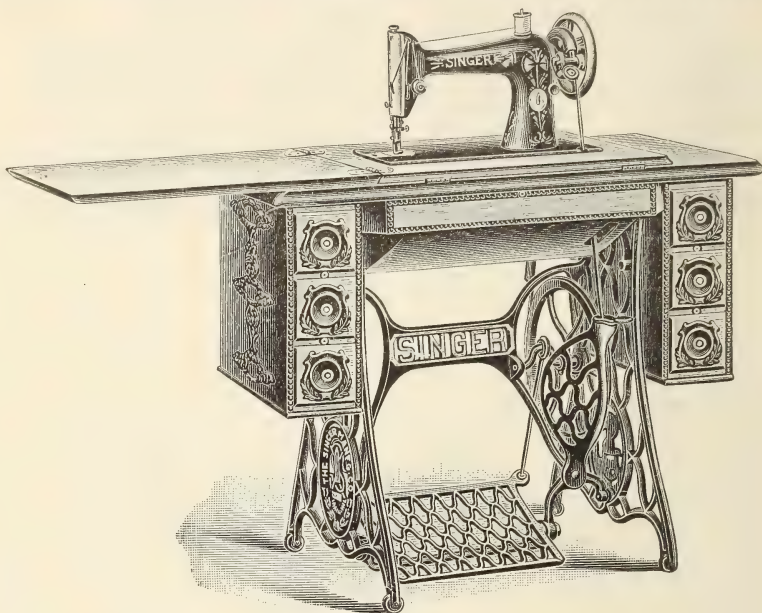
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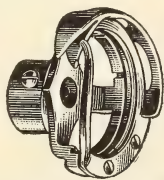
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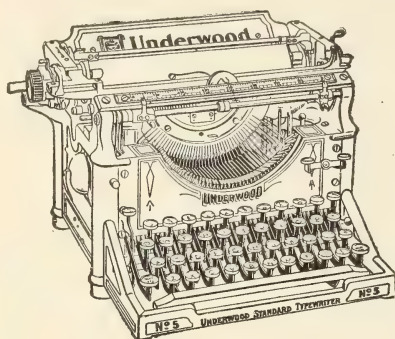
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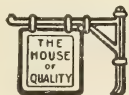
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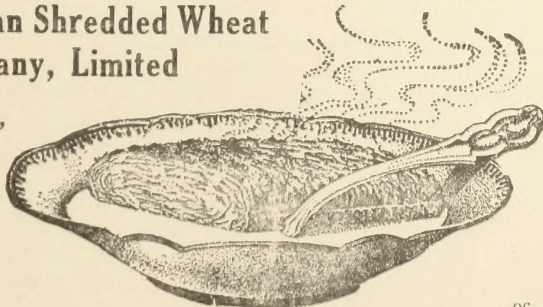
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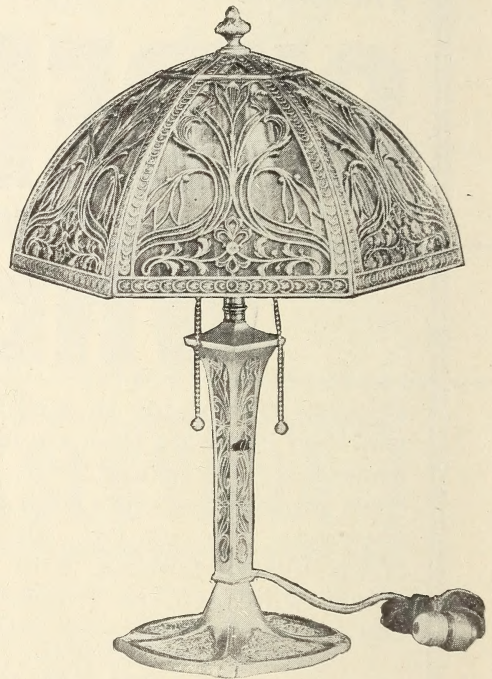
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